Rocky Mountain High

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Rocky Mountain High

by BelladonnaWyck, raiast

Summary

The Rocky Mountains have a certain majesty to them that Hannibal finds appealing. They tower, larger than life, over thousands of people who pass through them daily, somehow both foreboding and encouraging in equal measure.

He can understand why a man such as Forrest Fenn would find them intriguing enough to spark adventure within himself and the countless others that would enter the mountains and surrounding woods in a search for treasure.

Will Graham, it seems, does not share Hannibal's curiosity about the speculated treasure, nor does he seem particularly inclined towards finding joy or adventure in their latest endeavor.

Notes

Day 16 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Treasure Hunters

Welcome to the fic that almost wasn't! We originally had an entire other idea with the HEU characters Michel and Draco, but after we wrote the two idiots from the Crime prompt we had to do a followup with a *happy ending* ;) Everyone deserves a little porn, right?

See the end of the work for more notes

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"You know, hiking in the heat of a New Mexico summer didn't appeal on paper and now I can fucking *feel why."* Will grumbles, and it brings a small smile to Hannibal's lips. His fellow thief might complain but, as the saying goes, the thief doth protest too much.

"It's better than Colorado. You'll recall the *black bear* we disturbed near that spot in Grays Peak?"

"In hindsight, Grays Peak was a mistake. The poem, and Fenn's own hints, suggest the treasure is located somewhere far more easily accessed."

Hannibal hums his agreement, continuing on their trek in silence for a few minutes. The scenery is beautiful, but not even the wondrousness of nature can outshine the loveliness he sees in Will.

"Stop staring, it's fucking creepy, Hannibal." It's the first time Will has referred to him as *Hannibal* on this particular excursion rather than by his last name or any number of *endearments,* many of them book ended by varying uses of the word *fuck,* and this too makes Hannibal smile even wider.

"My apologies, Will. I was simply admiring the view."

"I don't know how I let you convince me to do this shit. Bev says I'm dick drunk to go on a *wilderness trek* for only half a mil a piece."

"Miss Katz does have such a way with words."

Will gives a huff and swats away a particularly persistent bug buzzing about his head for the third time in the last minute. "Yeah, you and her *both.* You know, I was only enthusiastic about taking this bet when I thought we would be competing over a *heist.* I'm a damn *tech god.* I have no business being out in the middle of nowhere."

"I'm fairly certain your *enthusiasm* stemmed less from comprehension and more from the fifth of whiskey you'd ingested, darling," Hannibal reminds him drolly, delighted by the scowl that darkens his unlikely lover's features at the jab. "In any case, I only had a mind at the time to cease your teammates' incessant ribbing. And this seemed as fair a goal as any for us to sprint toward. You and I both know the three of them wouldn't have stood a chance breaking into *anywhere* before the two of us."

“True as that may be, I think you *vastly* underestimated my ability to evolve to circumstances,” Will grumbles. “I’m *miserable.* It’s *humid,* and *buggy,* and *way* warmer than a mountain range should be.”

“I’m beginning to think I need to take your mind off our current situation, dear Will.”

“And *I’m* beginning to think we’ve been on this trek for way too long. We’ve gone, what - almost three miles? This is too far in, we oughta just head back.”

Hannibal gives a nod, knowing even this concession will rile his companion up and adoring him for it. “If you think we’ve overshot it, then we’ve no choice but to turn back. I trust you implicitly, Will.”

Will snorts at that, shooting Hannibal a baleful look which only deepens when he stumbles over a stray root that catches the toe of his boot. “Well, you shouldn’t. I have no idea what I’m doing out here. I’m more likely to get us eaten by a wolf than to get us back safely.”

Hannibal can’t stop the fond gaze that tacks itself to Will. He is, even in his grumbling, sweaty, bug-bitten state, an absolute treasure to behold. “Don’t be ridiculous, Will,” Hannibal soothes as they turn in their steps and head back the way they’ve come. He doesn’t miss the way Will glares at the recently offending root as they pass it once more and finds himself all the more smitten for it. “We’re much more likely to be attacked by a cougar after all.”

“You’re not as funny as you *think* you are, you know,” Will snips, turning his head haughtily from Hannibal’s direction and being gifted with yet another random smattering of rocks in his path to trip over for his troubles.

“I’m not attempting to be *funny* at all. The threat of wildlife in these parts is as real as ever. Though, to be frank, I don’t fear them nearly as much as I should. Not with such a fearsome predator of my own by my side.”

Will trips over his own feet at that, jolting to a halt as he frowns at Hannibal. “What the fuck’s *that* supposed to mean?”

“Just that I realize the significance of the man I’m with,” Hannibal purrs, shifting closer to Will as a grin curls his lips. “And I’m quite comfortable with the level of safety I feel.”

“I’m not a *predator,”* Will snarls, indignant and alarmed. “I’m a *thief.* No more, no less.”

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal murmurs, drawing closer still to erase all distance between them as he reaches out to his lover. “You are *so much more.”*

Will doesn’t pull away when Hannibal leans in to kiss him, but he doesn’t immediately return the gesture either. It’s only when Hannibal’s hands grips Will’s sides in a fierce hold, when his teeth nip at closed lips and his hot tongue ventures out to lick at the seam of his mouth that Will melts into the embrace, opens his mouth and allows Hannibal to invade it.

Hannibal can feel Will’s cock twitch in interest where their bodies are pressed together, and he growls lightly into the kiss, twining his fingers in Will’s curls and pulling him even closer.

When they pull away to catch their breath, Hannibal moves them so Will is backed up against a nearby rock, leaning heavily against it as Hannibal attacks his lips again. He draws his mouth down Will's jaw this time, licks and nips playfully at the stubble he finds along the way, Will's skin slick with sweat and the cloyingly sweet scent of his abysmal aftershave.

Will isn't a passive lover, using his fingers like claws to pull Hannibal even closer, Hannibal's weight pressing Will even more firmly against the rock behind him. "Fuck me, *now;* I deserve it." Will whines, always so greedy for Hannibal, and it makes Hannibal's cock throb and his stomach clench with arousal.

"Greedy boy, perhaps I simply wanted to kiss you and admire your *glow."*

Will splutters, punching Hannibal in the chest and making a move to free himself from Hannibal's clutches. Hannibal only holds him more firmly, trapping him with his body against the rock. "Plans can change, I suppose," Hannibal adds, a smirk playing at his mouth before he dips down to suck at Will's throat, feeling his pulse as it rabbits against his lips.

"If you don't fuck me in the next thirty seconds, I'm leaving you in the woods and going back to Reno." Will growls in warning, spreading his legs around Hannibal's thighs to entice him closer. They've been insatiable for one another ever since their near arrest several months prior, life on the run together only furthering their connection. This entire endeavor was meant to help restart their business, everyone on the team struggling ever since Mason's betrayal to find steady work without risk of possible exposure.

"Alright, darling, since you've asked so nicely." Hannibal taunts, making quick work of Will's pants and underwear, yanking them down so that they catch around his knees and keep him held in place even as he turns him around to bend him over the jagged surface of the rock.

"God, could you have picked a worse place for this you fucking dick," Will grouses, but Hannibal knows the perfect way to get him quiet and whimpering, all thought of cursing Hannibal's name forgotten in favor of cursing how *good* he is to him. Will can be downright whorish with his need, and Hannibal loves to see him broken down and begging.

"Of course I could have, I could have taken you against a tree, bare back rubbing against the bark. I could have thrown you to the ground and fucked you on your hands and knees amongst the rocks and detritus of the forest." Hannibal supplies, bending low to spit as delicately against Will's hole as he can manage, using the tip of his forefinger to rub the saliva into his rim until the muscle relaxes enough to let his fingertip sink inside.

"You are far too verbal for someone about to fuck me, I need you to move this along," Will spreads his legs and rocks his hips back against the sensation, and Hannibal knows just how much he enjoys being filled by him. He likes the burn of the stretch, often pleads with Hannibal to take him raw and without any sort of foreplay. He enjoys pushing his body to its limits, and Hannibal adores indulging him. But they've got quite a walk ahead of them to leave the depths of the forest, and Hannibal isn't keen on listening to Will complain with every stilted limp.

He adds some more spit and hooks his finger, pressing it firmly against Will's prostate from the inside while also applying pressure to it from the outside with his thumb. He presses his body against Will's back, irritated by the measure of clothing that still stands between them, and places his lips to Will's ear. "And *I* need *you* to relax for me, love. Let me in...that's right," he praises with a purr and a kiss to Will's nape as he first spasms around Hannibal's finger and then goes lax.

"More please," Will murmurs, face buried in the crook of his arms folded against the boulder.

Hannibal obliges him, slipping a second finger into Will's greedy hole, scissoring them erratically between thrusts to encourage his muscles to stretch. "Such a sweet, pliable thing for me, aren't you? Letting me in even here, out in the wilderness." He presses his fingers deep, stroking against Will's prostate once more, and gives a hum as Will's mewls and shivers with the stimulation. "Out in the middle of nowhere. No one around to hear you scream…" His grip turns harsh inside of Will, stretching and then striking against his prostate brutally, and Will affords him the most beautiful cry for his efforts.

"However, I do think I'd quite like to see you during, darling. I so enjoy watching your lovely face twist in agonized pleasure, brow furled and eyes squeezed shut, mouth panting as you choke down the cries that threaten to spill forth, to beg me for *more."*

"Hannibal -" Will whimpers, arching back into his touch, tipping his head back to loll against Hannibal's broad shoulders. "Yes, *please -"*

Hannibal needs no more instruction than that. He pulls his fingers from Will, grips his lover's shoulder and hip as he directs them to the ground, Will splayed out on his back beneath him like a feast. In other circumstances, Hannibal might spend another dozen minutes admiring the flush of Will's cheeks, the sweat that's broken across his brow. He might allow hands and lips to explore his body for the better part of an hour before continuing this tryst.

But time and circumstance prevails, and Hannibal is aware this situation is less than ideal, this moment of connection between them only coming to fruition because their bodies and souls *demanded* it. And, all said, he simply can't wait another minute to be buried within the tight, familiar heat of his Will, and so Hannibal guides his legs to spread wide, tugs at his own pants until his fly is undone enough to work out his achingly hard cock, and then lines himself up.

Will cries out when Hannibal presses in, naught but another lewd mouthful of saliva to slick his cock for entrance. But Will's body parts for him regardless, allows him in like a welcome old friend, and as soon as Hannibal's hips press flush against him, Will shifts his body and wraps his legs tight around Hannibal's waist, entreating him to stay close. Hannibal's hands find Will's own, scrabbling weakly at his sides, and laces their fingers together, stretching Will's arms high above his head as Hannibal leans down close to him.

"So beautiful. So perfect for me," Hannibal murmurs, brushing his lips across Will's own in the breath of a kiss. "Who would have thought the two of us would fit together so wholly?"

"We're the same," Will whimpers as he jerks his hips, urging Hannibal to move his own. An ironic declaration, given how often the moody thief enjoys pointing out just the opposite at

any possible opportunity. “We *blur,”* he adds, his words spilling out in a decadent moan as Hannibal pulls back and thrusts into him once more. “Where I end and you begin...there’s no way to know for sure.”

“Yes,” Hannibal agrees in a breath against Will’s lips, the pace of his hips increasing, because he has said so many times before, and until this moment, Will has always fought him on it.

“Fuck, so fucking close…” Will groans, and Hannibal bends to taste the pleasure directly from his lips. He’s close himself, can feel his muscles clench and tighten in preparation for his orgasm as he hammers his cock against Will’s prostate, pulling increasingly high-pitched sounds from the man’s throat.

“Come for me, beloved. Let me see you fall apart,” Hannibal encourages him, reaching a hand between them to take hold of Will’s cock and stroke it in time with his thrusts. The effect is nearly immediate, Will trembling beneath him as he shakes apart, his release painting over Hannibal’s knuckles and both of their stomachs.

Will pulls him closer using his thighs and clenches his body down tight around Hannibal’s shaft, pulling him deeper into his body and drawing him even closer to his own orgasm. Within seconds Will huffs out a disgruntled little sound and leans forward to take the flesh of Hannibal’s shoulder between his teeth and *bites.*

Hannibal comes, just like that, spilling deep within Will’s body and groaning as Will milks every drop from him by tightening his rim in a vice-grip around him. He collapses atop his darling Will, pressing him into the leaves and roots and gravel scattered underneath them. Will grunts in distress, wriggling to escape Hannibal’s grasp.

“Where do you think you’re going, sweet Will? What if I want a round two?” Hannibal teases him, keeping him held firmly in his grasp. He relents, eventually, from the continued assault of Will’s teeth and claws as he fights his way out of Hannibal’s arms.

“Fuck *that* and fuck all this. You do whatever you want; *I’m* going back to the hotel. You decided to fuck me on top of God’s pointiest fucking rock and now that jacuzzi is calling my name.” Will proclaims, rubbing tenderly at his lower back.

Hannibal’s attention, however, is fixed on the spot that Will has just vacated, the lush weeds which had filled the area now trodden and bent, revealing the earth beneath them.

“Will,” Hannibal tries, reaching out to grasp at Will’s wrist but falling just short as the other man scrambles away from him.

“No thank you, I’ve had quite enough of nature for one lifetime. Either get up or stay here and die of exposure because I’m leaving your ass.” Will gripes, stumbling clumsily to his feet and clutching the tree behind them for support as he starts the search for his clothes.

“Will -” Hannibal begins again, but when Will tries to interrupt him this time, he knocks his knees from underneath him and sends him back to the ground with a satisfying *thud.*

“What the fuck, Hannibal!” Will screeches, and Hannibal simply wraps his fingers around Will’s chin and twists his head to the side to look at the *chest* laying mere inches to the right of where they’d just been fucking.

“...No fucking way,” Will denies flatly, his pupils, wide with his recent desire and subsquent release, focused sharply on the object. “That’s not..Is that...is that the treasure?!” Will exclaims, crawling onto his knees to pull at the chest, yanking it closer to them.

He flips the top open, the inside lined with a protective plastic sheeting that obscures the contents from view. Once Will finally manages to remove the barrier, his eyes grow wide in pleased surprise.

“Team over-confident is gonna be so sorry they missed out on this,” Will laughs, holding the chest so Hannibal can see more clearly inside of it.

Inside is a wrapped up scroll tucked to the side of the chest, the bottom scattered with coins and several handfuls of precious jewels. There is also a bright turquoise bracelet, some stone and clay figurines, and an antique pocket watch.

Hannibal reaches inside to retrieve the scroll and unfurls it, closing the chest so he can lay out the paper across the lid. It’s a map, this one far more direct than the poem they’d been forced to decipher to find *this* treasure, but it’s clearly a treasure map.

“There’s more, it seems. I can’t tell what this is a map of, though.”

“I bet Jimmy could figure it out. He’s great with matching up schematics and the interior architecture of buildings.” Will suggests, dragging his finger down the lines of the map to trace them where they end at a bold, black X.

“Looks like we have another adventure awaiting us, darling.”

“Adventure can wait a few weeks. For now, I want you to take me back to our hotel and fuck me in the hot tub.”

“Of course, beloved. Whatever your heart desires.” Hannibal smiles, pulling Will into a chaste kiss and thinking his true treasure might have just been right here all along.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

If you enjoy our collaborative works you should follow us on Twitter and Tumblr for all sorts of extra content and teasers!

We also have a Discord server where you can chat with us, throw us prompts, and post images/art inspired by our work! You may also catch a snippet or two of some WIPs! DM us on Twitter for details!

'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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